

## Quieter by [holographicboats](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F slur, Internalized Homophobia, M/M, Q slur, Yikes, kinda angsty, this might be a mess

**Language:** English

**Characters:** A librarian????, Mike Wheeler, Some random kid, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

Will definitely didn't like Mike. He had drawn all of his friends. He just drew Mike the most. There wasn't anything wrong with the fact he always seemed to doodle skinny boys with freckles and dark hair. They could've been anyone, but Will knew that they weren't just anyone. They were Mike. He would never admit that. Will knew how people felt about boys like him.

## Quieter

### Author's Note:

this is my first fic, please don't kill me???  
constructive criticism is appreciated though.

Will sat at the library table, drawing. Late afternoon sunlight was flooding in through the windows, and it was the kind of light that pinpointed every piece of fluff and dirt in the air. Across from him sat Mike, deeply engrossed in a book about space. His dark eyes flitted across the pages quickly, and his freckles looked like specks of gold in the light. It was the first time they had hung out alone in weeks. While he loved to hang out with all of his friends together, the time he spent with Mike was always his favorite. Normally they were filled with conversation, but sometimes Mike was just quiet. Will didn't mind. It was enough to just be with him. Today was a quiet day.

Will didn't even realize he was drawing Mike. At first, it could've just been any boy with messy hair and freckles. But after some time, he had an unanticipated drawing of Mike. It wasn't the first time either. It always seemed to happen, and he had found himself staring at Mike often lately.

It was an artist thing, he convinced himself. He had drawn all of his friends. He just drew Mike the most. There wasn't anything wrong with the fact he always seemed to doodle skinny boys with freckles and dark hair. They could've been anyone.

But Will knew that they weren't just anyone. They were Mike. He would never admit that.

Will knew how people felt about boys like him. And he had wanted to prove Lonnie and Troy and James wrong so badly too. But Will was exactly what they said he was. A queer, a fag, a fairy. A boy who liked boys.

He realized it two days before being pulled into the Upside Down for a week. It had been a Friday afternoon, and Will was at the library. It sounded totally lame, but it was a quiet place to work, and there were books to read and people to watch for drawing practice, and computers. But that day he was looking up magazine articles for a paper he was supposed to write on a disease. He pulled out the article only a few minutes into his search. It was about the gay cancer. Will

had heard very little about it. Anytime someone talked about it, it was in hushed whispers. Will knew that it wasn't something he was supposed to know about. He read the article anyway. He stayed at the library until closing time, and biked home, thoughts swirling. He didn't want to think about it, but he was pretty sure he was gay. It made sense. It explained why he used to stutter whenever he talked with the boy in his English class with blond hair and funny t shirts and a nice laugh. And Will never stuttered. Everything fell into place in that library on that day, even if the result was disappointing. It was okay, he told himself. He could pretend. He had heard of people getting cured. He would pretend, and no one would ever have to know.

Two days later, he was taken into the Upside Down for a week. He had a lot of time to think. In the quiet and the dark, he thought about everything he could. He couldn't help but wonder if he got taken for a reason. What if the monster knew? What if pretending didn't work? What if that's why he was taken? He was almost sure this was the case by the end of the grueling week. But then he got saved. So what did that mean?

It had been almost a year and a half since the Upside Down. Will still dreamed about it, and the flickering still happened. Less, but it still happened. The elderly librarian spoke, stopping his thoughts.

"Attention. The library will be closing in five minutes."

"Mike." He didn't respond at first, still scanning his book. He was a deep reader. He never responded until at least the third time his name got called. It had always been kind of amusing to Will when he did it. Whenever he read, he was off in his own world.

"Mike, we have to go."

"Yeah, yeah. Sorry." he said, almost embarrassed.

They left the library and hopped on their bikes. The sun was close to setting.

"We'd better get home before it gets dark." said Mike nervously. Will knew that Mike wasn't worried about himself. He was unreasonably worried about Will. Nobody ever seemed to really stop thinking about what happened a year and a half ago. They just didn't talk about it. Ever. That was normally okay with Will, but something was wrong with Mike, he just knew it. They had known each other for so long, since third grade when Will first moved to Hawkins.

In the last couple weeks, Mike had been eerily quiet. Will was worried. Will was supposed to be the quiet one. Whenever Will asked

him if he was okay, he got defensive. It had been the first time they'd hung out alone in weeks. Every other time, Mike was "busy". What if Mike knew about how he felt? Will reached his house first, and watched as Mike whirled away on his clunky old bike. He couldn't help but wonder what was going on in Mike's head.

**Author's Note:**

i'm @holo-graphic-boats on tumblr  
also credit to @strawberryscoundrel for the line  
about will staring at mike being an artist thing, i  
thought that was a cute line :)